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THE NEW BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

A MORNING PEEP AT BILLINGSGATE.

It wants a quarter to five o'clock on a February morning. The wind, which since midnight has blown almost a gale, is moderating a little, and the driving rain is abating, when we pull the street door after us and emerge from our warm quarters near London-bridge, to pay a visit to Billingsgate. Five minutes' walk brings us to the huge sky-lighted shed which shelters the old market. It is abundantly lighted with flaring

gas-burners, which the wind blows into streamers of all shapes. The flame flickers upon busy dusky forms, moving rapidly about hither and thither, arranging planks, benches, baskets, barrels, and temporary rostrums, and clearing the labyrinthine passages which intersect the numerous stalls of the dealers. There is "an ancient and fish-like smell" in the atmosphere, but comparatively few fish yet glitter on the stall-boards. The company as yet is but thin, although the numbers are increasing fast from fresh arrivals.

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We thread our way through the maze, pass under a portion of the arched zinc roof of the new edifice, and make for the bank of the river. The tide is running out fast, and the vessels moored close to the shore, four or five deep, are settled down in the mud of the Thames. There are fires and lanterns on board, which shed a gleam on the white smoke that rises from the decks into the murky morning sky. The wind whistles in the rigging, and the ropes and blocks clatter against the masts, while the voices of busy men and the din of sturdy labour mingle with the moan of the gale and the rattling of the cordage.

While we stand gazing on the scene, and endeavouring to make out some object moving near the opposite shore, the clock strikes five, which is the signal for the opening of the market. We draw nearer to the brink of the river, and become aware of a stalwart form emerging upwards from the gloom in which the vessels lie; he climbs the ribbed planks at a rapid pace, bearing on his head a heavy basket, or it may be two, of fish. He wears a kind of tarpaulin hat, which fits close to his skull, boasting a brim of some nine inches in width at the rear, and which curls up at the edges to catch and retain the moisture which would else flow down his back from his dripping burden. His outer garment is a whitish hybrid surtout, half jacket, half smock-frock, reaching down to the middle of the thigh; it is open at the breast, and displays a voluminous neckerchief, tied in a double knot, the long ends fluttering jauntily in the breeze. His trousers are of any material you like to imagine, as imagination alone can penetrate the coating of mud which is all that is visible to the eye. He treads magisterially in a pair of substantial bluchers well armed with iron, and marches haughtily past you, in spite of the superincumbent pressure of perhaps a couple of hundred weight. While we have been thus describing his *personnel*, he has vanished out of sight, and a dozen more, of precisely the same mould and similarly burdened, have arisen out of the abyss and followed after him. On they come in a continuous stream, rising out of the darkness with startling regularity—like the mythological race of Cadmus, cropping forth into life, the armed harvest of the dragon's teeth. These are the fellowship porters, who have the sole privilege of landing the fish from the vessels; and they are the veritable Caryatides of the commerce of Billingsgate. The duty they perform was formerly undertaken by a gang of plunderers called "lagers," who, favoured by darkness and by the absence of proper surveillance, systematically robbed the fishowners to a frightful extent.

Meanwhile the market is filling fast, and we must return to the stalls. Already a change has come over the scene. The aldermanic turbot bares his white breast to the eye of the gourmand, and immense cod and ling are quivering alive on the sloppy boards. The salesmen have mounted their rostrums, and by this time tons of fish of all sorts have been sold by auction—not by Dutch auction, as has been erroneously stated, but by the usual mode of an advance upon previous biddings. So astonishingly rapid is this ceremony, that it is scarcely comprehensible to a stranger. Many of the lots are sold on the head of the porter, who yet hardly waits a minute in the throng ere he dashes

down his burden and is off. This is going on in various parts of the market at once, amidst the bawling of a thousand voices, and a scene of tumultuous pushing and crowding and apparent confusion. We noticed that an occasional lot was booked against settling-day, for some of the old-established hands; but that by far the greater portions were paid for on the spot, ere they were removed by the buyers to their carts in waiting. The result of the large amount of business done is now manifest on all sides. Every stall is groaning with the weight of fish with which all are heaped. Cod, salmon, ling, mackerel, whiting, smelts, turbot, brills, halibuts, soles, skates, plaice, together with lobsters, shell-fish, and shrimps, meet the eye at every turn; and all are alive, or the next thing to it. The spirit of speculation is on the alert. The dealers trade with one another, and chaffer with salesmen and buyers; and heavy bargains are made in minutes and half-minutes, with a promptitude known in no other business.

Between six and seven o'clock a new class of buyers come crowding in, and the whole area is so crammed with them that you have to fight your way at every step. You find yourself on a sudden surrounded by a very undisciplined regiment of London costers. They have heard already that this morning the market is well supplied with fish, and hither they have flocked by hundreds with their barrows, baskets, hand-carts, and donkey-carts, in the hope of making a good day's work of it. See how eagerly they cluster round the rostrum, and bid their whole capital for half a lot of soles. The lot is generally a couple of baskets.

"What for that lot?" says the salesman.

"Eight shillings for one," bawls a coster lad. "Eight and six!" "Eight and nine!" "Nine shillings!" "Nine and two!" "Nine and six!" "Nine and ten!" "Ten bob!" from half a dozen voices in instant succession.

"Say a sov. the two," says the salesman.

"I'll take the t'other," roars a coster, watching for a chance.

"Sold!" explodes the auctioneer—"Money!" and he holds out his hand. The money is paid *instantly*, and off go the purchasers to clean their fish preparatory to crying them about town for the rest of the day.

It would be interesting to watch the proceedings of this industrious fraternity, and to contrast their care and caution in the outlay of their small capital, and the honest yet acute expression of their dirty faces, with the reckless bearing and squandering propensities of the tribe of lazy rogues with whom they are sometimes confounded. It would be interesting, we say; but it is getting very inconvenient. Twice have they trodden on our "favourite bunion," and three times have they brushed our philosophical chin with the slimy tail of a sole. We had a weakness for the decent paletôt in which we are comfortably buttoned to the throat, but we cannot escape the conviction that it is rendered irretrievably fishy by the liberty which they one and all take of shouldering us out of the way. The ground, too, is ankle-deep in mud, and our boots are waterproof only in the shoemaker's bill. We have been reminded too, by a fatherly coster, who suddenly deposited us on a pile of periwinkles, that "you *cawnt* git od with vone eye open," and we

begin to suspect that we are not altogether in our element. So we set our shoulders to the work, and by dint of elbow, corkscrew our way to the front of the market, where a new spectacle awaits us.

Thames-street, all the way from Billingsgate to London-bridge, and for a considerable distance eastward as well, is occupied by a long and closely crowded line of vehicles of every possible description; besides dog-carts, market-carts, fish-carts, and carts proper, there are donkey-carts by the dozen, and hand-carts by the score. Some are loading and driving off, and others are drawing up to fill their places. Every coster as he comes forth with his burden gallops off with it behind his donkey, or, depositing it on his hand-cart, trundles it forward at a running pace. Here, too, we see a number of petty avocations in activity, which the necessities of the market have called into existence. Hungry lads, anxious to earn an honest penny, assist in loading the carts, or start off to a neighbouring fishmonger's shop with a basket of mackerel on their heads. Here an ingenious fellow offers you a rush basket for a few pence, in which you may carry home your morning's purchase; and if you don't choose to spend three-pence upon a basket, yonder is a shivering woman who will sell you an old newspaper for a halfpenny, or for three-farthings a double *Times*, big enough to enfold the largest salmon in Billingsgate. Judging from her stock, she must have a pretty large demand for it, and indeed it goes off at a quick rate. Old gentlemen and matronly dames, not too proud to do business on an economical scale, or to carry home their finny bargains, are among her regular patrons. These frequenters of the market for the most part make their appearance between seven and eight o'clock, time enough for a bargain, and not so early as to call them out of bed at an inconvenient hour. They imagine, perhaps, that they buy at the same rate as the fishmonger who resorts to the market at the same hour—an idea which is, as it ought to be, very wide of the fact.

The trade is now at its height; the glittering riches of the deep sea are piled on all sides in shining masses. A continuous tide of population flows in and out of the market, while the sharp shot of a thousand chaffering tongues drums upon the ear in an unintermitting volley. Favourite jokes are bandied about with perfect good-humour, and amidst all the apparent confusion and deafening noise, there is no indication of disorderly riot or quarrelling. This scene will endure so long as there is a sufficient stock of fish remaining to sell; the duration of the day's market of course depending upon the quantity to be disposed of. By this time the morning air has aroused our dormant appetite; and, therefore, accepting the invitation of a friend, we resort to the Market Tavern, to see what is to be had for breakfast. Here we assist at the funeral obsequies of a pair of fine soles, and wind up our investigation into the commercial consummation of the scaly tribes by a practical experiment upon their flavour—which, we are bound to bear witness, was excellent. So much for a morning peep at the great metropolitan mart for fish.

Billingsgate market was established in 1699, and from that period it has been the principal fish-market in Great Britain. Before the opening of the numerous railways which facilitate so much

the conveyance of fish to market, nearly 5000 vessels annually came to Billingsgate with fish. That number is no doubt now considerably diminished, as fish packed in ice and sent by rail are equally fit for food as those brought alive in the wells of vessels; but the increase of the population, and the partial abatement of the popular dislike to fish as an article of diet, have tended to increase the trade, and in some sort compensated the inroad of the railways upon the traffic of the vessels. The revenue derived to the corporation of London from Billingsgate market amounts to little short of 5000*l.* a year. This is made up in part from the rent of stalls, which, however, when their real value is taken into account, may be considered as almost nominal, and from the products of a tariff upon the different vessels and vehicles bringing the fish for sale. The tariff is remarkably low, and at one time probably yielded no more than sufficient to cover the unavoidable expenses of the market; but the increase of business has swollen the income, year by year, to the present large amount.

The market is under the management of Mr. Goldham (clerk of the market), who is the chief authority, and who leases the stalls and controls the affairs of the noisy republic. Under him are two inspectors, whose duty it is to see that no fish unfit for food are exposed for sale. If fish, after sale, are condemned by the inspectors, the money has to be refunded: in case of dispute, the seller may appeal, if he think proper, to the lord mayor at the Mansion House, whose verdict is decisive; such appeals are, however, extremely rare. Besides the inspectors, there is a special officer appointed to keep peace in the market, and he can, if necessary, reinforce his authority with the batons of the police from a neighbouring station; but this is a necessity which may be said never to arise. The frequenters of Billingsgate go there to despatch business as summarily as possible, and they are not so foolish as to imagine that it can be expedited by riot and violence. Then come the fellowship porters, whom we have already described—the shoremen and labourers of various grades in the employ of the dealers. Again, there are the holdsmen, who measure and deliver oysters, and who contrive to levy black mail upon the buyers, in spite of the most stringent regulations to the contrary. Whenever there is much business going on, there is a demand for a corresponding portion of labour, and hence, besides the regularly employed functionaries, whenever the market is brisk, a number of boys and lads are to be seen plying for a job, and eager for the gain of a few pence by the portage of fish.

Any attempt to form an idea of the amount of business daily transacted at Billingsgate must necessarily be vain: it is impossible even to approximate to the result, because the take of fish varies so enormously that the quantity which is coming can never even be guessed at. Were the tariff levied on the value, we should have the means of calculation; but it is levied on the vessels and vehicles which arrive, irrespective of the worth of their contents. Again, the value of fish varies in the precise ratio of its scarcity. On the morning of our visit, there was a plethora of everything but salmon and lobsters. Fine turbot were sold at six,

seven, and eight shillings a-piece, and even cheaper; cod and ling were still more plentiful and low priced; while eighteen-pence a-piece was demanded for "spawny hens," a couple of which one might eat for breakfast; and we saw three sovereigns paid for a single salmon, which was bought by a salesman at half-a-crown a pound. The business will be over on one day at nine or ten o'clock, and even earlier, and on another it will be continued till the afternoon. That it is very much increasing there can be no doubt; the extraordinary facilities of sudden transport afforded by railways have already sent myriads of fish to London which, but for the existence of the iron road, would have been still sporting in their native element. The new Billingsgate Market, which is fast arriving at its completion, and of which we have given a drawing at the head of this article, will not come into use before it is wanted. Already its advancing colonnades are creeping over the sloppy stalls of the ancient domain: it promises well for the accommodation both of the dealers and the public; the old devious, narrow, and half-sheltered passages will be superseded by a series of arcades admirably lighted; and there is a spacious underground floor with vaults, where fish may be preserved in ice-houses when the stock on hand happens to outrun the demand. When the new edifice is completed, and business within its precincts has got fairly into working order, we prophesy that it will be perfectly practicable for even ladies, in parlour costume, to follow our example, and pay a morning visit to the market of Billingsgate.

In order to complete our picture, let us now take a glance at some of the various sources from which the market is supplied; in doing which we shall have to notice a few curious facts bearing upon the natural history of some fishes, and which are not very generally known to the public.

Although great fortunes have been realised by the fishing trade, this result has not been brought about without the employment of large capital in the pursuit of a speculation ever liable to great risk and peril. It is no uncommon thing for a fleet of forty or fifty vessels to be at work in company. They cruise about in sight of each other, and are attended by fast-sailing clippers, which they signal when they have occasion for them, and which having made up a cargo from the general contributions of the fleet, crowd all sail for the steam-boat or the depot nearest to the railway, whence the fish are steamed to London with the utmost speed. If the distance be not too great and the wind be fair, the clipper runs up the Thames, meets with a steam tug, and is towed up to Billingsgate, without loss of time. In order that the fishery be successful, there must be a combination of favourable circumstances. In the first place, there must be a breeze blowing, or the vessel will not drag the trawl; a calm at sea is a dead lock to the fishery, and a dead loss to the owners of some ten pounds a week per vessel, that being the average cost of working them. In the next place, there must not be a gale, or the fleet may become divided, and a number of the vessels get driven out to sea, where success in fishing would be of no use to them, as, the clippers not knowing where to find them, their catch would spoil before it could be made use of; and, in the last place,

there must be on the ground plenty of fish to catch—a thing by no means to be relied on with certainty. Then there is the risk of storms, which sometimes in a few minutes split the sails into ribbons, strip the deck of everything, and reduce the solitary hulk to a mere wreck.

The finest soles, turbot, plaice, whiting, etc., which come to the London market, are caught off the coast of Yorkshire; a large portion find their way to London in railway vans and steam-boats; those which come to Billingsgate in fish-boats, are kept alive in wells or are packed in ice to preserve their freshness. When a vessel freighted with fish arrives off Gravesend, the owner gets immediate notice by the electric telegraph; he keeps his own counsel, and by easing the market for his stock on hand, gets rid of it in readiness for the expected arrival. If the market is glutted, it is not very unlikely that the owner of a new cargo will "shut up the market," as it is called, and hold over to the next day.

Cod-fishing is pretty generally managed by hook and line; the angler, or dangler rather, for he has no rod, feeling the bite as he keeps the line on the strain over the side of the vessel. This mode of fishing is carried on at various places around the coast. Those caught on the Dogger Bank are by far the finest fish; those brought from the coast of Scotland are much inferior both in quality and size; and those again from the Yorkshire coast are of still less value. When not caught by hand-lines, they are still hooked in a wholesale way in the following manner. A boat rows from the vessel, carrying a rope of enormous length, sometimes to the extent of seven or eight miles; to this rope, from one end to the other, small fishing lines are attached, terminating in stout hooks baited with whelks; these baits, as there is but an interval of a few feet between each, amount in number to many thousands. The boat having arrived at a certain spot, one end of the rope is fastened to an anchor, and sunk to the bottom; a buoy surmounted by a flag is also attached to the sunken anchor to point out the spot. The rope is then carefully payed out of the boat and allowed to sink to the bottom while the boat rows slowly onwards. The whole being submerged, the other end is, for the sake of a double precaution, anchored and buoyed like the first. The boat now returns to the first buoy, and the crew begin hauling in the rope and counting their gains. It will sometimes happen that there are not half-a-dozen fish on as many miles of rope, while on other occasions the haul will be prodigiously great. The fish are kept alive in wells in the boat, and are transferred alive to the ship's well so soon as the crew return on board. A considerable per centage of them die, in spite of the care that is taken to keep them alive; these are split and salted, and are known in the market under the name of "split-fish."

The cod-fishery would often be much more productive and profitable to those engaged in it, were it not for the exploits of the dog-fish, a very unamiable member of the finny fraternity, whose doings are worth a passing notice. This piratical fish is neither handsome nor brave, nor grateful to the palate; he is, on the contrary, appallingly ugly, being striped like a tiger, upon a ground of dirty white-black, and destitute of all those quali-

ties which render him worth the catching. He is about eighteen inches long, rather bullet-headed, and boasts but two fins, one on his back, the other beneath his belly, and both extending the whole length of his body. All his defects, however, are compensated by the possession of a portentous appetite and a tremendous set of teeth. This Adonis of the deep hangs upon the skirts of a shoal of cod, like a usurer hovering about the haunts of polite society. He behaves himself with perfect propriety so long as his burly companions, whom he is too puny to attack, are thriving and prosperous; but no sooner does he perceive "a gentleman in difficulties," or, in other words, a cod caught by a hook, than he and his congeners rush at the struggling victim, and in two minutes will strip every atom of flesh from his bones as completely as though poor master cod had been regularly boiled and Harvey-sauced, and submitted to the maws of a synod of red-legged cardinals on a hungry Friday. This ceremony is sometimes accomplished with such amazing velocity, that before the fisherman can haul up a cod of twenty pounds, from a depth of but six or eight fathoms, he will be reduced to a mere handful of bones—the very eyes being eaten from his head.

Though the sea-water flows freely through the well of the ship, the cod will die rapidly if the vessel do not continue in motion. This is probably owing to the great quantity of food they require, and which can only be supplied by an ever-flowing current when the fish are not at liberty to roam in quest of it. Of the voracity of cod-fish some idea may be formed from the fact, that when haddocks, which are sometimes taken on the lines baited for cod, have been thrown into the same well, a score of cod have been known to devour fifteen score of haddocks in three days. It has been remarked that when crammed to repletion, they will seize a haddock which they are unable to swallow, engulfing the head, the tail protruding from their mouths for hours after! Yet cod-fish will never feed on their own species, however hungry they may be. They will sometimes come up to the surface of the well to be fed, and will greedily devour any offal that may be thrown to them. Most of the vessels engaged in the cod-fishery continue to sail up to Gravesend. When heavy rains have prevailed, the water inland becomes charged with some species of nutriment upon which cod thrive and fatten rapidly; and it frequently happens that fish which have arrived below Gravesend very thin and meagre in condition, will increase astonishingly in size in the course of a few hours, adding of course many pounds to their weight. It is said that there are not a few old hands in the fish trade who are unable to distinguish whether some of the heavier cod that come to the market, have grown suddenly plump and portly through the influence of their fresh-water feasting, or whether they were originally caught in that condition; a point which it is of importance to discriminate, as very greatly affecting their value.

The major part of the salmon sold at Billingsgate are caught in the Scotch rivers and friths. Formerly the Dutch supplied salmon to the London market, but British enterprise has at length driven them out of the field. Fine salmon are

brought from Ireland, equal, it is said, in flavour to any that are eaten. Salmon have the reputation among fishermen of being the most cunning fish that come to net. It not unfrequently happens that fifty or a hundred shall be enclosed in a net from which there would not appear a possibility of escape, and yet not one shall be dragged to land. They are fond of congregating in those parts of the river where the bottom is uneven, hilly, and declivitous; it is necessary to have a stout rope at the bottom of the net, to which the weights that sink it are attached; no sooner do they find themselves enclosed in the net than they dive to the bottom, watch the advance of the rope, and taking advantage of the first opening afforded by the uneven surface of the bed of the river, effect their escape. In spite of their cunning, however, a vast quantity are taken; and unlike the cod, which are brought to London alive, the salmon are immediately knocked on the head, *to save appearances*; because, if they were allowed the last dying liberty of floundering about on the shore, they would effectually spoil their beauty, and perhaps be worth a shilling a pound less in the market. It is this kindly thump on the head which gives them that unsullied and gentlemanly appearance on the shop-board, as though they had stepped out of their element in full dress in order to grace the lordly banquet.

On the subject of salmon we shall record the opinion of a well-informed gentleman, who for thirty years and more has been intimate with the affairs of Billingsgate and with the sources of its supplies of fish. "I have remarked," says he, "that the under jaw of the male salmon becomes hooked or curved upwards at the extremity at a certain time of the year, the upper jaw giving place and forming a hollow for the reception of the protuberance. This is greatest at the spawning season. With the aid of this natural weapon the male burrows and cuts a channel at the bottom of the river's bed, and in that channel the female deposits her spawn, which, being impregnated by the milt of the male, and left undisturbed for forty-eight or fifty hours, becomes a swarm of myriads of living fish. The male and female both watch the small fry, and fight off smaller fish of prey, and when they are a few inches long they lead them out of the rivers into the sea. What becomes of them then, few people pretend to say with certainty. My own opinion is, that they invariably go northward; and I am led to this conclusion from the fact that Parry and other arctic voyagers have met, in the polar regions, with such vast numbers of small salmon of from three to five pounds weight, at a period when they were altogether absent from our rivers and coasts; and I do not recollect that other travellers who, if my theory be false, ought to have met with them a thousand times elsewhere, have noticed them at all—of course I mean as shoals of young half-grown fish. They remain in these cold regions but a certain time, and then return to the rivers where they were spawned. Those which are called grilzes, weighing from four to seven pounds, are, I think, but one year old. Salmon grow very fast; and those fish of a year old which are not caught in one year, return again five or six pounds heavier the next. They do not, I need not say, all grow

equally fast, and hence it happens that there are salmon and grilzes of equal size and weight; but an experienced judge of fish can tell a grilze from a salmon just as well as you could tell an overgrown boy from a diminutive man. There is a vast expense," our informant goes on to say, "attendant upon salmon fishing. Some few are caught at sea along shore, but the rivers are the main sources of fish. There is a river in Scotland where less than a mile of the water, not wider than the Thames when the tide is out, lets for about 3000*l.* a year, and it would cost 50*l.* a week to fish it properly and profitably. It is my opinion that the rent of the waters must be lowered, or the salmon fisheries in Scotland will be exhausted. In order to meet the heavy rent, the lessees are compelled to catch all they can, up to the last moment they are allowed to fish; and an immense quantity of salmon comes to market full of spawn, which ought not to be permitted. If the present system continues many years longer without an abbreviation of the time for fishing, we shall have no Scotch salmon to sell. The landlords, or water-lords if you like, are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs."

The English lobsters, that is, those caught on the English coast, are the best in the world. The Scotch and Norway lobsters are heavier, perhaps, owing to their shells being thinner. Lobsters cast their shells every year, and are sickly when this process is going on. They are caught in wicker pots, baited and sunk to the bottom. A heavy clap of thunder will kill two-thirds of a haul of lobsters after they are caught. These fish have the power of casting their claws, which they do when alarmed or irritated, when another limb grows in the place of the rejected one.

Crabs are caught all round the coast; in some parts they are small and unfit for market, and indeed are never sent. The Cromer crabs are by far the best; they grow to the weight of ten pounds and more. Myriads of these fish are caught on the Scottish coast; but they are vastly inferior to those caught at Cromer, are not nearly so large, and are watery. They very often come to the market so bad as to be condemned by the inspectors, and when good fetch very little.

The sea is filled with fish calculated and evidently designed for the food of man. By a beneficent law of the Creator, at the precise season when fit for human consumption, they are made to approach the land, in myriads which the imagination cannot grasp. Shoal upon shoal, stretching for miles in length and breadth, crowd along the coasts and into the channels and friths of our island. The harvests of the land may fail—those of the ocean never. Thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold "are the bountiful reward of his industry who casts his grain into the furrow;" but the finny tribes of ocean boast a fecundity that mocks at calculation, while it offers to human energy a safeguard against famine—a supplementary resource, should the earth refuse to yield her increase. The middle and lower classes of this country have yet to acquire the liking for fish as an article of diet. They have only to create the demand; the supply would be commensurate with that, were it to a hundred or a thousand times the present amount. We are happy to perceive that

the prejudice against fish is beginning to wear off; and we look forward to a far more abundant supply following upon a more universal demand—and to a cheapness hitherto unheard of, arising from the competition which that demand will call into exercise.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF MAY.

THERE are many ways in which one may profitably spend a "leisure hour," and the season often dictates to us the manner in which such an hour may be most appropriately and most agreeably employed. On a quiet May evening, when the woods are rich in melody, and the wild flowers are freely scattered everywhere around, how delightful to go forth to the fields and hedgerows to enjoy the charming scene! A leisure hour so spent in the contemplation of the beautiful works of our Maker, is emphatically one well spent; and it shall be our aim in this paper, to direct attention to some of the more interesting objects of the vegetable kingdom, which are likely to come under the observation of our readers during their short rural walks at the present season. By this means we may be instrumental in introducing to their notice many humble hedgerow beauties hitherto passed unheeded; and we hope, likewise, to lead to more correct views respecting the wonderful phenomena of vegetation.

The "merry month of May" is so proverbial for its floral character, that it may be regarded as the season of general joy among botanists. It is the time when young ones most generally enter the field, when botanical classes begin, and when veterans in the science gird up their loins, and go forth to brave the fatigues and dangers of home and foreign travel in the pursuit of their favourite study. The wild flowers of May are so profuse that the unaccustomed observer is apt to imagine on his first or second botanical walk, that the gay banks and brightly enamelled pastures present a confusion of vegetable forms beyond the reach of human eye to discriminate. Soon, however, he begins to recognise the more remarkable and familiar forms, and is eventually led to regard the "medley" in a very different light. He refers each individual to its proper species; and observing that every one has its appropriate place of growth, and seeks the peculiar circumstances suitable for its development, he perceives the most harmonious beauty and order, and likewise the most perfect adaptation of means to ends, in what previously appeared mere confusion. Thus the observer not only admires the *beauty* of the objects around him, but is enabled also to trace the admirable evidences of design which they exhibit, and the stamp of Divine wisdom which they so plainly bear.

Many of the earliest spring flowers still linger in the "lap of May." On shady banks we still find a few sweet violets—

"Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
Like dark eyes fill'd with sleep;"

and in more shady and moist places, the golden saxifrage (*chrysosplenium*), of which there are two species adorning the dripping rocks and stream-

lets' banks. Even the tiny plant called *draba verna*, which has grown in a minute morsel of earth scarcely covering a sixpence, and there developed in unfettered luxuriance complete roots, stem, foliage, flowers, and fruit!—even this little fairy-plant is still to be gathered on the summit of almost every old turf-capped wall and dry rocky bank, although March is the month of its first appearance.

An early spring flower, but also a May flower of universal diffusion, is the primrose, a wildling regarded by every one with feelings of delight, and one to which the poets have dedicated many a line of praise. The peculiarity of its profuse occurrence "everywhere," is dwelt upon by Nicoll:—

"The hawthorn clusters bloom above;
The primrose hides below,
And on the lonely passer-by
A modest glance doth throw.

The humble primrose' bonnie face,
I meet it everywhere;
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
It comes and nestles there.

Like God's own light, on every place
In glory it doth fall.
And where its dwelling-place is made
It straightway hallows all!"

The daisy blossoms everywhere, and at all seasons:—

"It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August lends its charms,
Cheers cold October on his way,
And twines December's arms;"

but, at the present time, the daisy is in the height of its beauty; every meadow, every green field, every hedge bank, is gay with its beautiful "gem-mie flowers." The French express their sense of its beauty by giving to it the name *Marguerite*; but the familiar name bestowed upon it in England is certainly not less expressive of its character, for it is truly the day's eye, opening brightly to the rising sun, and slowly closing towards evening when the dew begins to fall. The daisy forms a good illustration of the large class known by botanists as *composite* plants, that is, those having compound flowers. What appears to be one flower in the daisy is, in fact, composed of a great number of florets congregated together, each exhibiting in itself the most perfect and beautiful structure. Pull a daisy to pieces, and you find that each little yellow knob in the central disk is a little perfect floret, and that the fringe of silver and rosy rays which form the circumference, is composed of florets of a different form, the strap-shaped petal (or flower-leaf) being produced on one side.

On commons and heathy places, we now find in abundance the golden furze, a plant of exquisite beauty, but too common in our country to meet with the admiration which it has always received from continental botanists, several of whom have been drawn by its beauty to a devotional acknowledgment of the goodness and wisdom of God in his works. One or two more of the pea-flowered plants bloom this month; but June and July bring them to perfection; it is then that they form the most conspicuous objects in all our walks.

The burnet-leaved rose begins early in May to

put forth its pure white flowers from its "most spiny" stems, and is soon followed by other species of wild rose. Several plants allied to the rose in botanical characters, flower in May, such as the vernal cinquefoil, whose bright golden blossoms are profuse on warm banks in sunny weather; and likewise the hawthorn, or sweet May, reminding us that few of our native plants present a more beautiful appearance than a well-grown tree of 'hawthorn hoar,' with its massy foliage and innumerable white and fragrant blossoms.

"From the whitethorn the May flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round his head."

The pilewort, or lesser celandine (which so enraptured Wordsworth) is a constant adorning of wet spongy banks, and the margins of slowly running streams; and, although all its kindred of the family *ranunculus* are highly poisonous, still the small tuberous roots of the celandine are used in Austria for food. The water crowfoot mantles the pools and streams most beautifully with its dense masses of leaves and flowers, and in its polymorphous character affords an interesting object of research to those botanists who delight in what is termed, in the technical gossip of botany, "hair splitting."

One of the most interesting members of the May flora, and one of the most lovely of all native plants is the *Linnaea borealis*; that "little northern plant, long overlooked, depressed, abject, flowering early," which Linnaeus, the "immortal Swede" and the father of naturalists, selected to transmit his own name to posterity. Few, says Sir J. E. Smith, could have been better chosen, and the progress of practical botany in Britain seems to be marked by the more frequent discovery of the *Linnaea*. It is a plant chiefly confined in its geographical range to the northern part of Britain, where it occurs in old fir woods. Whether seen in its native woods, forming a carpet of leafy verdure to the exclusion of every other plant, or as a garden specimen, enveloping with its dense foliage the pot in which it grows, it is alike an object of beauty and attraction to every one whose eye is open to the loveliness of the vegetable world. It is a tiny shrubby plant, with small trailing stems, and these entwining together and spreading in all directions amongst the thin grass of the wood, form bright green leafy patches, often of large extent, from which the graceful pendent flowers are produced somewhat sparingly, but sometimes in abundance. Plants that, like the *Linnaea*, record in their names the memories of departed botanists, are cherished with especial care by all who entertain feelings of gratitude towards those who have gone before them in the pleasant paths of our fair science. The poet has well said:—

"These botanists trust
The lingering gleam of their departed lives
To floral record and the silent heart—
Depositories faithful and more kind
Than fondest epitaph; for, if those fail,
What boots the sculptured tomb? And who can blame—
Who rather would not envy—men that feel
This mutual confidence?"

In a paper like the present, we are of course

precluded from giving a complete catalogue of the flowers of the season. Many more that we have not noticed, adorn the woods and fields. The common bugle is rife in shady dells; the germander speedwell, by the waysides; the tooth-wort, on the roots of hazels and elms; the "autumn" gentian, on dry pastures; the holly, in the woods and hedges; the periwinkle, in the thickets of lowland woods, and the tuberous orobus, in those of the mountains; the spring vetch, in poor soils; and the mouse-ear, on dry wall-tops.

It is wisely ordained that the flowers do not all appear together at one season. Were such the case, we should have an inactive world of desolation throughout a large portion of the year. Instead of this, however, the successive progress of different kinds of plants at different seasons, tends to exhibit at all times a beautiful harmony in the seasonal aspects of vegetation. The poet hath said, that—

"At all times, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their soul-like wings;"

and even the coldest months of winter are not without their appropriate flora, to enliven the eye of the observer of nature, and to bid him hope for a time of brighter bloom. The character of the plants varies, however, according to the season; certain natural orders predominate at certain seasons of the year, and this agreeable change of scene (which gives well-marked and universally observed characters of distinction to the seasons—spring, summer, autumn, and winter, each having its peculiarity) affords much to interest and instruct the attentive student of natural phenomena.

SOCIAL ECONOMICS.

NO. II.—MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

THE proper sphere of government has been defined to be the *protection of life and property*. This insured, the commonwealth can prosecute its schemes of moral and social improvement without distraction, and that community is generally the most prosperous and the most happy, where, with due regard to political rights and duties, dependence is placed more in mutual co-operation than in legislative specifics for the advancement of the common good. In no department of our social state is mutual co-operation more necessary than in the relationship that subsists between master and servant; and in no country is it more called for than in England, where capital and labour are so intimately connected, and where the fact of possession is so apt to make the wealthy capitalist forget, at times, that "property has its duties as well as its rights."

It is, no doubt, quite true, that the working classes have, in many instances, been unreasonable and dictatorial; while, in others, they have put forth theories of the most levelling tendency and impracticable character, and thus alienated many a master who would otherwise have been disposed to deal liberally with his men: but we think the time has now come, when all that is past should be forgotten, or remembered only as lessons of wisdom taught by experience; and when the bond of union between the employers and the employed should

be strengthened by the ties of mutual interest and affectionate regard. This done, and the working classes prudent and economical in their personal and domestic habits, the social condition of the masses would speedily be improved, and jealousies, heart-burnings, and strikes would seldom or never occur. But, instead of arguing out this philosophy of reciprocal duty and obligation, we shall illustrate it by a few practical examples, and infer such lessons as may be fairly deduced from the facts appealed to.

And first, as to our MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS. —Leonard Horner, esq., one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Manufactures, in reporting on the social condition of the manufacturing population in Lancashire, says it has of late greatly improved. The mill-owners, it seems, have in many places introduced a new moral machinery into their establishments, and he gives a few instances to show the good resulting from this considerate change. In reporting their various plans to the inspector, one mill-owner says:—"Last winter I offered about 200 yards of land *gratis*, to as many as wished to have it. Twenty men accepted the offer, and I have been amply repaid by seeing that it has been a great means of enjoyment to them and their families. They have been exceedingly attentive to their small gardens, having spent in them most of the time between the stoppage of the mill at six in the evening and dark. I have now several more applications, and intend to extend my plan until every man in my employment, who wishes to have a plot, has got one. Following out the idea I received from you, I have determined on offering prizes for the best flowers, and have bought several very good framed and glazed engravings for that purpose. I also established a reading-room and library at the same time, which I am glad to say have exceeded my expectations. Having a convenient room at liberty, I offered it to them with about 160 volumes of books. They pay one penny a week as subscription (those who choose to subscribe), which sum purchases a sufficient number of newspapers and other periodicals. I believe that, merely in a pecuniary point of view, I am repaid by having better and more willing workmen; and I am quite confident it has been of incalculable service to them in every way."

This mill is situate in a comparatively rural district, but greater things have been done in Manchester. One of the partners of a large manufacturing firm there, in a letter to Mr. Horner, says:—"For a number of years my brother and I had viewed with sorrowful feelings the woful state of ignorance existing in many of the mills of this extensive district; we saw that the workers evinced a very low tone of moral feeling; that their homes, to a very great extent, were ill furnished, overcrowded, badly or not at all ventilated, and generally without those little comforts so necessary to render the home of a working man his place of rest and happiness. We found, in tracing the cause of those evils, that they were mainly owing to the ignorance and intemperance of the adults, who, having commenced their labours in the mill probably at six or seven years of age, had grown up in evil habits; and finding little comfort or attraction at home, had generally preferred the allurements of the public-house, thus perpetuating

the evils of their position instead of removing them."

The first attempt of these employers to remedy the evils referred to was, to establish a temperance society. Having succeeded in this, and seen it joined by 300 of their people, "they next directed their efforts to improve the physical comforts of the operatives. They introduced a complete system of ventilation into their works, fitting up about 1500 ventilators of various kinds, suited to the different processes of spinning and weaving, the ventilation of one room alone costing 100%. Open air exercises were introduced with the same object. An extensive gymnasium and playground was formed, running parallel with the large mill; and to connect this with the millyard, a six-feet-wide promenade was made on the banks of the river. A giant stride and swings were erected in the play-ground for the use of the boys, skipping ropes, etc. were provided for the girls, and leaping bars and skittles for the adults. A clear space of ground was reserved for marbles, merry-go-round, and other childish sports. The whole of the ground was surrounded by strong seats, where many enjoyed their meals in the open air.

"These steps being taken, the firm thought the way had been paved for mental and moral improvement. They, therefore, established a mutual improvement society, in a small building near the factory yard. They supplied desks, maps, pictures, etc., and engaged two teachers, one at their own expense, the other remunerated out of the funds of the society. Three young men employed at the works also acted as unpaid teachers. At this institution four classes were held every evening, which, with the exception of the adult male class, are all free to the whole of the hands employed at the mill. In connection with this society is a library containing above 600 volumes, the subscription to which is only a halfpenny a week, or to that and the newsroom one penny per week. These rooms are open all day, so that at meal times, or when any of the hands are waiting for work, they may pass their time in reading the various newspapers and periodicals. Tea parties are held once a month, and fortnightly lectures are delivered in a large room in the mill. A savings' bank, a co-operative society, and other useful institutions, unite with the usual and ordinary means of a large town to raise the condition of these people."

The health and activity of the people, Mr. Horner says, were wonderfully increased by these improvements. One woman, about forty years of age, had long suffered from asthma, by working in confined card-rooms. Every week when she was laying out her wages in provisions, one shilling was regularly spent on a bottle of physic to enable her, as she said, to breathe; after the ventilators were set to work, she became so much better, that she discontinued the bottle altogether, and was able to breathe with comparative freedom.

A most important fact comes out in this report of Mr. Horner, regarding the effect of the reduction of labour hours by the late act of parliament. The manager of one of the largest mills in his district said:—"We are turning off the same amount of work as we did when we worked twelve hours. When I came to this mill, nine years ago, the quantity turned off in the spinning department was the

same as now; and there has been no change in the machinery, no increase in the speed. I set down the keeping up of the quantity entirely to the greater attention and activity of the hands. *They are able to work better by the shorter time they are at it.*" But,

Secondly, as regards our MINING DISTRICTS. These have been long proverbial for ignorance and crime. Isolated from general society, the miners have naturally become clannish; and knowing little or nothing of the amenities of social life, a great amount of attrition and polish will be required before they can be expected to exhibit the blandness and intelligence of such a community as that of the Manchester mill-workers to which we have just referred. Yet our mining population may be vastly improved, morally and physically, and we shall now give an instance, showing how this can be most effectually done.

A few years ago, Mr. Tremenhoe was appointed by government to make inquiry into the social condition of the mining population. His report contained many painful facts, and detailed many sad scenes of demoralization. But in Ayrshire, in Scotland, he met with a community where true happiness was enjoyed. There were 120 families in the village connected with one colliery. The average wages of the colliers was 3s. 6d. a day. The sons were accustomed to remain under the parental roof after they were gaining full wages; but they allowed their parents to receive all their wages, and to make provision out of this source for their old age. When a young couple marry, their parents mutually furnish the new house. The only public-house that existed in the village was bought up some time ago for another purpose. Since that time intemperance has altogether ceased. Almost all the people pay ready money for every thing they purchase. There are several benefit societies in the place; one, for relief in sickness, is supported by a payment of 4s. a month from the members. Another, where the payment is twopence a week, makes provision for aged men and widows. The manager of the colliery adds an equal sum to this society's contributions, and twenty-two widows draw from it half-a-crown a week each. Of the 120 families in the village, fifty have money in the savings' bank; seven have built houses for themselves; eleven keep cows; several have pigs, and all a garden. The school is attended by 120 children; the families regularly attend church; and unseemly language is never heard among the villagers. In the course of fifteen years, thirty-six young men out of the 120 families have risen to higher stations: three became ministers; three, schoolmasters; two, nautical engineers; one went into the excise; one became a clerk at the works; one, a shipping agent at Montreal; two are apothecaries; one is a grocer; one, a clerk in a warehouse in Glasgow; two are managers of neighbouring collieries; three are check-clerks in iron works; one is a precentor or clerk in a parish church; two are railway engineers; one commands a large vessel; six have emigrated to Canada, and six to the United States. A person who had lived for sixteen years among these colliers, said "he had never seen a more intelligent or a better-behaved set of men, and that their general conduct was most creditable." "And I should be

inclined to say from my own observation," adds Mr. Trementheere, "that they were living as respectably and happily as any members of the labouring class in Britain. In answer to remarks on the satisfactory state in which they were living, it was most gratifying to hear them say with much feeling, '*we owe it all to our good master.*'"

Here the master spirit of improvement was the manager, who had been forty years in charge of the works, and had the full confidence of the owner of the colliery in carrying out his schemes. Now, if masters and mill-owners, and owners of collieries generally, would but take example by the conduct of these mill-owners and masters, what a happy change might soon be wrought in the social condition of the working classes, in the mining and manufacturing districts of England! And if such cheering results of well-directed effort can be referred to in the crowded city and the isolated village, what might not be done in the districts of England and Scotland, where the minds of the multitude have been less exposed to evil influences? Let masters who wish to see their work-people contented, healthy, and happy, ponder well the facts of these cases; and let us hope that the day is not far distant when every mill and colliery, every workshop and manufactory, in the kingdom, will present an equally pleasing proof of the progress of improvement.

INDEPENDENCE.

A TALE.

It was a lovely May evening—unexceptionably so. The reader has, no doubt, seen so much of the fitful and changeable moods of this spring month, and has marked so many of its shadows and its tears, its chilling breaths and its nipped buds and flowrets, that he may be disposed to set down the praises of "smiling May" to the imagination of the poet, rather than to sober reality. But this was indeed a beautiful hour—so calm that the rustle of the home-bound bird was audible amidst the other soft sounds of evening; such as, the hushing, lullaby tone of the south wind as it breathed its airy secrets to the young leaves of the mighty forest trees, or the woodman's whistle as he caught sight of the blue curling smoke of his cottage-home. There was not a faulty touch in that sweet old English landscape, not a jarring element in the whole scene. Peace, love, and beauty, but above all, hope and promise, hovered like so many angels over this charming spot of God's lovely earth.

Under the shadow of a fine tree sat two youths. There could scarcely have been sixteen Mays numbered in the history of either, and there was that in the eyes of one at least that spoke of nought but hope. The eyes of his companion were downcast, and one might be almost certain from the expression of those melancholy and closed lips, that a shadow had fallen on his spring-time; but more of this hereafter. Other lads there were too, scattered about the wood; some were seeking for sport, such as schoolboys can always find out of little or nothing; some were botanically, while others, and those not a few, were merrily or even mischievously, disposed.

The guardian usher had laid aside the peda-

gogue *pro tem.*, and was engaged, not with the mischievous certainly, but with the playful ones. The two figures first introduced were seated at sufficient distance to be beyond reach of the confusion which the noisy lads created; but they were evidently merely companions of circumstance, for whilst one read studiously, the other mused (for a lad) thoughtfully.

"The last Saturday but five," said the meditative youth, as he flung himself back on the mossy seat in exquisite appreciation of the truth of the statement. "The last but five, and then home—home for good!—then for life!" and, for the twentieth time, he took the charter of freedom from his pocket and read, as if to assure himself that it was not a dream. "What *are* you reading, Kelly?" said he quickly, as the other youth raised a half-impatient shoulder at the interruption.

Kelly smiled; and he was a good-tempered student to smile still when Lester snatched the little well-worn volume from his hand, and in a mock solemn tone read those lines of the immortal poet, which were very probably written by him in the great city:—

"And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew!
These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live."

"Ah, well, 'Il Penseroso' is all very fine; but give me the spirit of 'L'Allegro.'"

"Hence, loathed Melancholy!"

cried the lad, flinging high among the boughs the treasured poem:—

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both her sides."

"Why, Ned Kelly, you are not half merry enough for a freedman. Didn't you tell me, just now, that you were to leave at Midsummer?"

"I did so," said Kelly, looking wistfully at 'Il Penseroso,' as it hung on a green bough, and chasing the smile that his companion's apt quotation had caused; "but you and I, Lester, leave school under rather different circumstances. You are going straight into the smooth plain of prosperity, while I must take the rough path of difficulty. You have only to enjoy a ready-made maintenance; I must *work* to live."

"Well, certainly," replied his companion, somewhat proudly, "there is in that respect a difference between us. I have a good kind old grandfather, who I dare say will let me please myself pretty much while he lives, and when he dies I shall not be cut off with a shilling, I know. To be sure, he writes about a tutor and so forth, but I shall see what I can do with him when I get home. Another five years, and in my own right I shall be independent."

"Independence! ah, that is all I desire," said

Kelly, with animation; "but I have some hills to climb before I am that."

"And you *mean* to be independent, after all—you, who say that you don't wish to be rich."

"To be sure I do."

Lester looked at his companion inquiringly. He had been brought up in the school of prosperity, remember; and had no notion of *independence* unconnected with money and expectations. His look said all this, and Kelly went on to answer it.

"Yes, independence, Fred; when I leave school, all the money on which my education depended will be spent. I thank God that it has been *thus* spent. Still it shall be my prayer and my effort to be independent of all, save only my trust in Him and my own exertions. You know God helps those who help themselves. If I can support myself, help my poor mother, and live respectably, why I shall be as *independent* as Frederic Lester, esq., M.P., for I suppose that will be it."

Frederick Lester, esq., did not relish the joke.

"I was going to say, Kelly," said he, "that in consideration of our old school friendship, I hoped you would let me assist you a little. My grandfather has influence and means, and I hope to have as much and more one day; so don't be too proud to be helped, Kelly."

"I am *not* too proud, believe me, Lester; but I have always noticed that self-elevated men—that is to say, men who have not put their trust in a fellow-man, but only, as I said before, in their Father in heaven, and in the health and ability he is pleased to give—have owed but little to circumstances or patronage. I am not too proud, I hope, to be patronised; still I *am* too independent, and that is the truth; but surely we may be friends still; that is," said the lad with a blush, "if you are not too proud to be a poor man's friend."

And rising from their mossy seat, and linked arm-in-arm, they promised and believed in one another that they would still be friends.

In another five weeks the school-fellows had parted—the one to his independent life—the other to his struggles and his honest labour.

May has shed its blossoms thrice, and yet the rich lad and the poor lad have not again met. One evening, or rather afternoon, in early summer, a pale young man was hurrying home from his master's counting-room, liberated by the kind and considerate employer an hour or two earlier than usual. "Go into the country, Kelly," he had said, "and see if you cannot bring a touch of its bloom to the desk to-morrow. You look thin, my lad; I hope you don't sit up too late at night." Kelly thanked Mr. Mathieson, and hastened home. He walked quickly; he did not even stop at the old bookstall to read and to sigh, for although he loved books, he loved his mother more; and before long he was at the door of a modest little dwelling in a quiet street branching out of St. John's-street-road. This was his home—a home of honest independence, all smoke-begrimed as it was, and where the flowers that his mother sowed in hope, year by year, so resolutely refused to bloom.

Mrs. Kelly was a kind-hearted lady; but always, even in those "better days" of which she was wont to talk, of a sorrowful and burdened spirit. She had her own notions of independence and gentility,

which were so mistaken that, but for Edward's superior sense, she would inevitably have starved upon them. Edward could remember the time when the country-house was filled with servants, when the purse was filled with money, and the dining-table with guests. He could remember all this, and could take warning from his father's wreck to steer his bark clear of that rock of gentility—great show and insufficient means. "To live within my means, whether they be 50% or 5000%, will be the independence for which I shall aim," said Kelly; and he was right. His mother called his ideas grovelling, and wondered where as a gentleman's son he could have obtained them. Certainly not from education or inheritance, but experience is sometimes the best teacher of the three. So Edward Kelly worked his way up the hill of difficulty—the narrow path of poverty; his steady honest soul was not too proud to labour, but it was too proud to beg or to owe; and we will venture to say there was not a proprietor of broad acres in his fatherland, not a knight, an esquire, or an earl in the realm, more independent than Kelly in his London life.

"Come, mother," he said cheerily—"come, here is a May afternoon fit to make one's heart dance with joy. Let us go to Highgate, and breathe the pure air there, or to Hampstead, or indeed anywhere; but don't let us waste time," he continued; "the change will do you good, mother."

The mother had many objections. "My spring is past, Edward. The pleasanter the weather, the more dull I feel; the summer only recalls our pretty country-house at Richmond;" and here the ready tears fell in a copious shower.

Edward thought of a ticket to a musical lecture which he had in his pocket, but he said soothingly: "O mother! come out; I never think of the past while I have you happy by my side. Let us go to one of the parks, then; that will be a pleasant ramble with you, mother."

So, to Regent's-park they went, and pleasure would come into the widow's heart in spite of her recollections, as she breathed the pleasant air and saw the life and gaiety around her. Her walking powers were wonderfully refreshed, and after they had sat a short time under the trees, Mrs. Kelly proposed a visit to Regent-street. She "had not been there for years, and understood it was greatly improved." Self-gratification was not one of the laws of Edward's life, and he gave his arm as cheerfully to his mother on her shop-gazing errand, as he would have done for the purpose of exploring a beautiful forest or a romantic lane.

Just at the entrance of a music-shop in the gay street, he saw a figure which he thought he knew; but it was so grown, so altered by a fashionable dress and air, that he gazed for some time in doubt. The youth was evidently waiting for some one within the shop, and was gazing most wearily. He suddenly stopped, however, and began to whistle. The whistle was the same—it was his old school-fellow, the independent gentleman. He had not much the air of an independent man, it must be confessed; he looked rather a slave in one or two senses. He was a slave to fashion, and appeared to stand uneasily in his modishly tight boots. He had been hungry for some little time; but it was not in accordance with etiquette to

dine before seven, and he must wait for that hour to satisfy himself! Just now, too, he was gentleman usher to two musical cousins, who were in a state of most delightful perplexity and distraction over the newest music. To buy a piece that Miss W. or Miss C. played would be useless; they must have something entirely new, and the greater the mechanical difficulties to overcome the better.

Lester started as Kelly laid a hand on his arm; but he gave him a warm greeting, and pressed him so earnestly to call on him the next day at his lodgings in Berners-street, that Kelly could not refuse.

"But, at what hour?" said he, doubtfully; "for I cannot come in business hours, you know. I am not my own master."

"Oh, oh, to be sure," said Lester. "Any time almost in the morning."

"And when does your morning begin?"

"As soon as I am up," said the London fashionable.

"And when may that be?"

"Oh, uncertain; however, come and dine with me to-morrow. No, not to-morrow, that is an opera night. Well, Friday—come and dine with me on Friday, at seven;" and he gave him a card, on which it was difficult to say if the scent of musk or cigar predominated.

So they parted.

"And that is your grand friend, I suppose?" said Mrs. Kelly. "Well, really, Edward, I should think, with all his influence and money, he could get you something better than that poor concern at Mathieson's; at least, ask him. You really ought to rise now; and these little additions to your salary, why they will never make you independent."

"I am tolerably independent now, mother, I think. I can pay for all I buy, and as I buy it; and what can so young and poor a man of business as I expect more than constant employment and certain pay?"

"Well, you have grovelling ideas, it must be confessed, for a gentleman's son, Edward—very!"

"Grovelling! mother dear; honesty is not grovelling, surely. I can *work*, but I cannot *beg*. I cannot indeed ask a favour of Frederic Lester, and I could scarcely expect God's blessing if I were to throw myself out of present employment for an uncertain good."

They were both tired now, and within a short time were once more in their lowly home; the widow bemoaning in her inmost soul that Edward had no spirit of enterprise, no ambition; Edward himself happy enough in the knowledge that he was doing his duty in the station of life to which he was called; and with these feelings they both retired to rest.

Friday came; and Edward Kelly was true to his appointment. He found Frederic Lester lolling in his chair, looking very stupid and melancholy, and very little the better for the excitement of the opera. He met his guest languidly, and would have done very well for an illustration of Ennui. A servant girl was in the room, waiting for a reply to a note which he held in his hand, and with the contents of which he seemed anything but pleased.

"Tell the man I will send an answer."

"It is not the man, sir; it is Mr. Farre himself;

and he told me, sir, to say he had a long account to settle to-morrow, and would thank you to——"

"Well, I cannot.—I cannot, tell him, and he may go. He shall hear from me to-morrow."

"Excuse me a moment (turning to Edward), I must just scrawl a line to that grandsire of mine. He must pay this bill for me."

So he wrote—wrote earnestly and hurriedly; and then feeling apparently somewhat relieved, he asked Edward to sit down with him to his bachelor dinner which had been on the table for some moments. Edward had seen by this little prelude, that an independent gentleman may have a troublesome debtor; and he looked less discontentedly at his last year's suit, than many a youth would have looked *vis-à-vis* to so well-dressed a companion. It was not elegant certainly; but it was neat and gentlemanly, and it was *paid for*.

"I must now ask," said the elder of the two, as they sipped their wine and became confidential—"about your worldly prospects, Kelly. I am so astonished that with your studious turn you should have chosen a *clerk's situation*."

"I did not *choose* it," said Kelly, colouring, "it was chosen for me. I had nothing to live upon whilst I was making up my mind to a profession, and was thankful enough when an old friend of my father's took me and my poor services, for a remuneration which was at least double what they were worth, poor as that remuneration was. I am improved it is true, and it is time I should be in three years."

"Well, but do you not mean to better yourself?"

"I should not wish to be ungrateful, and it would be so to leave Mr. Mathieson just as he has a right to expect me to become useful to him."

"I always thought you would have turned poet or author, or perhaps would have entered the Church, or the legal or medical profession; but a clerk—pshaw! you are worthy something better, Kelly. Perhaps, though, Mr. Mathieson may adopt you, and leave you his business."

"Scarcely likely, since he has seven children of his own," replied Kelly, coolly; "but come, Lester, you find fault with me for not having turned lawyer, or doctor, or author, entered the Church, and so forth; but do you know how I could have *lived* for these last three years? My mother and I, you know, could not exactly have subsisted on expectations, and I really know nothing else on which we had to depend. Mr. Mathieson, the only friend we had, gave me what I requested of him—employment. That it is not the very sort I prefer, is not his fault."

"You are a strange youth, and I see preserve your old odd notions. I wish I could help you; but my way of life demands every penny I have, and I assure you I am sometimes pinched."

"Not *quite* independent then at present?" said Kelly, with a meaning smile.

Lester blushed, and the conversation flagged. Kelly found how little he and his old companion had in common, and he was too observing not to discover that Lester, with all his prospects and his luxuries, was not an enviable man. After a dull evening, they parted. We shall meet them again a few years hence.

Fifteen years, with all their changes, their joys, and their sorrows, had passed over the one who had been living in inglorious ease, and over the other by whom they had been spent in manly and hopeful effort. It is May once more. The home of Edward Kelly is changed. It is not yet one of luxury, but it is one of plenty and comfort. A blessing rests on his labours and his constant trust in the care and guidance of his Maker. He is not even now a partner in the firm of Mathieson and Co.; but he is a faithful, well-paid, trusted, honoured servant. There, in the chimney corner, is the aged mother, brooding still over better days, but what of that? There is a bright, loving peace-maker by her side, cheering and soothing her so sweetly, that there is no doubt the better days are all a fiction of her imagination. Her best are *now*; beside her son's honest and cheerful hearth, with that good wife whose "price is above rubies." It is not a city home either. It is just out of town where the blue sky is not quite obscured by chimney-pots, and where a few flowers will bloom under the careful hand of the gentle Ellen. But the house is a very Eden, even though it is within sound of the great Babel. Children cluster round the father's knee at evening after the day's labour is over, and listen to the story which is ever ready from his treasury. And when they are all in bed—(and dearly as we may love children and delight to hear their merry voices and ceaseless chatter, that is the time for quiet joy)—Kelly goes to a little upper chamber, in the very roof itself, to his relaxation and pleasure, even to his books and papers. He has not lost at the merchant's desk his love of learning and literature; and the little cottage residence has still a room called a study; and a study it is to all intents and purposes, perhaps more justly so designated than many a library or studio in a gentleman's mansion. And now, in his small way, Kelly is an author. A poet he has always been, from the days that he read "Il Penseroso" in the forest shade until now, though he had never rhymed, nor ever put one of his beautiful thoughts into metre. Ellen had her own notion about her Edward's powers and performances, and so indeed had the public, and they were encouraging enough.

Here we must leave him, not a rich, but yet an independent man. Independent of all trust or hope, or reliance on man, and not wholly self-reliant either; but trusting in the care and love of Him who maketh the very birds of the air his care and clothes the grass of the field. He used the gifts which God had bestowed, not looking for or expecting any marvellous interpositions of Providence in his favour, but content to walk in the path assigned him, knowing that if God marked it out it must be safe and well for him.

We will not linger by the rich man's home. It is a beautiful residence, the same in which his grandfather lived and died, and the same which he bequeathed to the great heir; but he is in low spirits, and we do not wish to keep him company. Large as are his revenues, his mortgages are sufficient to make him know the anxieties of a limited income. In the eye of the multitude he appears independent of all need for exertion, but he is really as complete a slave to circumstances as many a man in the lowest walks of life—while a

mind undisciplined and a will ungoverned make him a bondsman and a slave to evil habits intolerable to be borne. When last we heard of him, he was canvassing for a seat in parliament, thinking the occupation necessary to his happiness as a dispeller of ennui. In this pursuit he must have found himself, we suspect, if he is not past all learning, thoroughly disabused of his early aspirations for independence. Influential people he has had to coax, tenants to conciliate, favours to promise and to grant.

We talk of independence, but we are mutually dependent after all—the rich on the poor, the poor on the rich. God has given to each his sphere of action—to one small, to another large; to every man according to his several ability. To act in accordance with His intentions—to do our duty where and how God would have us to do it—to live not unto ourselves, but to him and our fellow-creatures—is the right sort of independence after all.

WHITE NEGROES.

THE existence of white negroes is a fact of very considerable interest in relation to the science of ethnology. We have the authority of Buffon for stating that the Africans brought from the Gold Coast to the islands of Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Dominica, gave birth to white negroes in the proportion of one to every six or seven children. The great naturalist has given a minute description of one of them, a negress, born in the island of Dominica, of black parents who were natives of Africa. She was not quite five feet high, was well proportioned in her body, but not exactly so with respect to her head, which was too large in comparison with the trunk. All the features of the face, although white, were in form exactly similar to those of the black negroes, except that the ears were placed too high. The lips and the mouth, although shaped like those of the black negroes, had a singular appearance. They were as white as the rest of the skin, and without the slightest appearance of colour. Generally the hue of the skin of this white negress, as well of her face as of the rest of her body, resembled that of tallow before it has been purified, although a slight tinge of red was observable on her cheeks when she approached the fire, or when a blush was awakened. Her head was well covered with wool, extremely bushy and curly, naturally white at the roots, and reddish towards the extremities. Her eyes were remarkable for a very singular motion. The eyelids were no larger than the ordinary size. She could shut them, but had no power to open them, so as to show the part of the eye above the pupil. Thus the eyelids were always half closed. The white of the eye was sufficiently pure, and the pupil of the ordinary size. The iris was composed of an inner circle round the pupil, of an indistinct yellow; this was surrounded by another circle of yellow mingled with blue; and this again by an outer circle of a deep blue colour, so that seen at a little distance the eyes appeared of a dark blue.

Persons of this description are not to be confounded with mulattoes, the offspring of a mixed parentage; the physical characteristics of the two classes have

nothing in common. They are found in Africa, the home of the negro. At the court of the king of Congo, some used to be kept and exhibited as objects of curiosity. Dr. Winterbottom, too, described from his own observation, many years ago, several instances of this variety, occurring in negro families at Sierra Leone and other neighbouring parts of that coast. At Malacuny, in the Soosoo country, he saw a girl about nine or ten years of age, born of black parents; her skin was of an unpleasant dead-looking white, and rather smooth, though beginning to assume a cracked appearance, owing to the action of the sun. There was a man of the same colour at Malacuny. At Wankapong, Dr. Winterbottom saw a young man, about eighteen years of age, tall and well formed, whose father had been a white negro. This young man's mother, three brothers, and two of his sisters were black, but one sister was as white as himself. His skin from exposure to the sun, had acquired a slight reddish tinge, and was covered with a great number of black or brown spots like freckles, some of which were nearly as large as a sixpence. It was much rougher and harsher to the touch than the woman's, feeling almost like the skin of a lizard. He complained very much of the action of the sun, which cracked his skin and sometimes occasioned it to bleed. His hair was of a dirty white and woolly; the iris of the eye was of a reddish-brown colour, and his sight was very weak.

Dr. Prichard has divided the complexions of mankind into three classes, distinguished by the colour of the eyes and hair. The first is the *melanous*, characterised by black or very dark hair. This variety forms by far the most numerous class of mankind, comprehending every shade or gradation from the jet black of the Senegal negro to the complexion of the swarthy Spaniards or of black-haired Europeans in general. The second is the *xanthous* variety, distinguished by yellow or what is termed red or light brown hair, and by eyes of a blue or other light colour. The skin in persons of this description is generally fair. It is in the temperately cold regions of Europe and Asia that this variety chiefly prevails, and it is in some instances the general character of whole tribes. It is not uncommon to find it prevailing in high mountainous tracts, while in the neighbouring low countries it gives place to the *melanous* variety. The third variety is the *leucous*. In this class the hair is usually either white, or of a pale or cream colour, its texture being peculiarly soft and resembling combed flax. The iris has a red hue, and the skin is very light and fair, and easily reddened and blistered on exposure to the sun. Individuals of this description are called albinos, and are not infrequent in Europe. They sometimes exhibit themselves in the streets, with white or cream-coloured hair flowing down in long straight bundles of soft silky texture, which Blumenbach compares to goat's wool. Their sight is so weak that they cannot keep their eyes open in clear daylight, and for this reason they are sometimes called moon-eyed.

Albinos are found in all races. Captain Cook found them in Tahiti. "During our stay on this island," he says, "we saw about five or six persons whose skins were of a dead white, like those of a white horse; with white hair, beard, eyebrows,

and eyelashes; red tender eyes, a short sight, and scurfy skins covered with a kind of white down. We found that no two of these belonged to the same family." In Java, Ceylon, and other neighbouring islands, and on the continent of India, albinos are well known. Among the copper-coloured native Americans in the Isthmus of Darien, they are, or were, according to an intelligent witness, remarkably frequent. "They see not well in the sun," said Wafer in 1699, describing the albinos of Darien, "poring in the clearest day, their eyes being weak and running with water if the sun shines towards them; so that in the daytime they are not to go abroad, unless it be a cloudy dark day. Besides, they are a weak people in comparison of others, and not very fit for hunting and laborious exercises, nor do they delight in any such; but notwithstanding their being sluggish and dull in the daytime, yet when moon-shiny nights come, they are all life and activity, running abroad in the woods, and skipping about like wild bucks, and running as fast, even in the gloom and shade of the woods, as the other Indians by day, being as nimble as they, though not so strong and lusty. The copper-coloured Indians seem not to respect them as much as those of their own complexion, looking on them as something monstrous. They are not a distinct race by themselves; but now and then one is bred of a copper-coloured father and mother, and I have seen some less than a year old of this sort."

All white negroes are generally believed to be albinos. Many of them are. But others, perhaps the greater number, are either genuine examples of what we have noticed above as the *xanthous* variety, or exhibit gradations between the albino and the *xanthous*. Dr. Winterbottom mentions what he regarded as an intermediate step between the common African complexion and that of the albino. It was the instance of a man who, though born of negro parents, was of a mulatto complexion and much freckled, and who had strong red hair, disposed in very small wiry curls over his whole head. Dr. Goldsmith describes a white negro who was exhibited in London. "Upon examining this negro," he says, "I found the colour to be exactly like that of a European; the visage white and ruddy, and the lips of the proper redness. . . . However," he adds, "there were sufficient marks to convince me of his descent. The hair was white and woolly, and very unlike anything I had seen before. The iris of the eye was yellow, inclining to red; the nose was flat, exactly resembling that of a negro; and the lips thick and prominent." The characters of the complexion in this individual, were evidently intermediate between those of the albino and the *xanthous*. The existence of such persons, whether *leucous* or *xanthous*, whether albinos or of the red-haired fair-complexioned type, shows how little dependence can be put on colour or complexion in questions affecting the relations of the various races of mankind to one another, or the unity of the whole. It teaches also, we may add, how cautious persons ought to be in concluding that scripture and true science will ever be at variance. In the early days of ethnology as a science, the existence of negroes was, by some hasty reasoners on the side of infidelity, assumed to be a fact opposed

to the scriptural account of the descent of the human family from one common progenitor. The above facts, as well as subsequent advances in ethnology, show how baseless were such objections.

ADULTERATION OF DRUGS IN AMERICA.

At a meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, June, 1849, an elaborate report was presented by Dr. M. J. Bailey, on the practical operation of the law prohibiting the importation of adulterated and spurious drugs and medicines. It shows the importance of dealing with respectable druggists.

The report states that, since the law took effect, July, 1848, over 90,000 lbs. of drugs of various kinds have been rejected and condemned in the ports of the United States. Of these, 34,000 lbs. were included under the comprehensive title of Peruvian bark, 16,343 lbs. rhubarb root, 11,707 lbs. jalap root, about 2,000 lbs. senna, and about 15,000 lbs. of other drugs. The agitation of the bill which preceded the passage of the law had its effect abroad, and the supply of adulterated drugs from foreign markets has greatly decreased. The domestic supply has, on the contrary, increased. Within a recent period, quinine in considerable quantities has been found in the market, adulterated to the extent of some twenty or twenty-five per cent. These frauds were undoubtedly perpetrated by or among our own people. The material used for the adulteration of the quinine was found, on analysis, to be *mannite and sulphate of barytes*, in nearly equal weights. The latter article has long been used for this purpose, but not until lately has *mannite* been detected in the sulphate of quinine. It seems to have been ingeniously substituted for salicine, and a somewhat similar substance prepared from the poplar bark; which articles have heretofore been extensively used for like purposes. The ingenuity consists in the fact, that it is much more difficult to detect the adulterations when effected by the admixture of *mannite*, than when by the admixture of salicine, etc., while the former can be furnished for less than one fourth of the expense of the latter.

For some years past an extensive chemical establishment has been in operation at Brussels, in Belgium, built up by great expense and care, and expressly designed for the manufacture, on a large scale, of imitations of all the most important foreign chemical preparations used in medicine; while, at the same time, an agent was travelling in this country, making sales and soliciting orders in all the principal towns on our seaboard. The articles were prepared and put up with consummate skill and neatness; and the imitation was so perfect that it was impossible for the unsuspecting purchaser to distinguish them from the genuine, notwithstanding that in some instances they did not contain over five per cent. of the substance represented by the label. Since the law went into effect, at the port of New York not a single package has been presented for entry. Dr. Bailey states, however, that he has been informed that the persons formerly connected with the Brussels firm are now in this country, engaged in the same iniquitous business; hence the adulterations spoken of.—*American Annual of Scientific Discovery*,

Choice Sentences from our old Writers.

A GREAT FOLLY NOT TO PROVIDE FOR HEAVEN.—It is a thing that the Emperor Caligula is laughed at in all stories: there was a mighty navy provided, well manned and victualled; and every one expected that the whole country of Greece should have been invaded, and so it might have been; but the emperor had another design in hand, and employed his soldiers to gather a company of cockle-shells and pebble stones, and so returned home again. Just such another voyage doth almost every man make here in this world, were the particulars but truly cast up. God has given us so much time, is may be twenty, thirty, or forty years; it may be out a day or two more. In this time he has furnished us with that which may be a means to conquer heaven itself. Now if we lay out this little only about wife, or children, or to purchase a little wealth, is not this to spend money for that which is not bread? to labour for that which satisfieth not? Is not this the greatest folly that may be?

THE GLORY OF GOD IS TO BE THE AIM OF ALL OUR ACTIONS.—A friend gives me a ring, I'll wear it for his sake; a book, I'll use it for his sake; a jewel, I'll keep it for his sake; that is, so as may best express my love and report his goodness. And were we truly thankful to our God, we would then use all his tokens for his sake, do all things to his glory; we would eat our meat to him, wear our clothes to him, spend our strength for him, live to him, sleep to him, die for him, etc., thus we should do: but, alas, we use his blessings as Jehu did Jehoram's messengers; David, Goliath's sword; we turn them against their master, and fight against Heaven, with that health, wit, wealth, friends, meads, and mercies, that we have from thence received.

ZEAL AND KNOWLEDGE MUST GO HAND IN HAND TOGETHER.—Phaeton, in the "Poet," takes upon him to drive the chariot of the sun; but, through his inconsiderate rashness, sets the world in a combustion. What a horse is without a rider, or a hot-spurred rider without an eye, or a ship in a high wind and swelling sail without a rudder, such is zeal without knowledge. Knowledge is the eye of the rider, that chooseth the best way; the bridle in the hand, to moderate the pace; the rudder in the ship, whereby it is steered safely. St. Bernard hits full on this point. Discretion without zeal is slow-paced; and zeal without discretion is strong-headed; let, therefore, zeal spur on discretion, and discretion rein in zeal.

NO MAN A LOSER BY GIVING HIMSELF UP TO GOD.—Eschines, perceiving every one give Socrates something for a present, said unto him, Because I have nothing else to give, I will give thee myself. Do so, said Socrates, and I will give thee back again to thyself, better than when I received thee. So says God; if thou wilt give thyself to me in thy prayers, in thy praises, in thy heart, and in all thy actions, I will give thyself back so much mended, that thou shalt receive thyself and me too; thyself, in a holy liberty, to walk in the world in a calling; myself, in giving a blessing upon all the works of thy calling, and imprinting in thee a holy desire to do all things to my glory.

SIGNS OF DISCIPLESHIP.—All God's children have received God's Spirit, whereby they are made humble, believing, and holy:—humble, in regard of their sins; believing, in regard of Christ; and holy, in regard of their conscience, and care to keep all God's commandments.—A Christian shall be here as long as he hath any work to do for Christ, or as long as Christ hath any work to accomplish in him: Christ will fit him for himself and then take him to himself.

Glances at the Past.

ANCIENT PRICE OF LABOUR.—In the year 1352, 25th Edward III, wages paid to haymakers were 1d. a day. A mower of meadows, 3d. a day, or 5d. an acre. Reapers of corn in the first week of August, 2d., in the second, 3d. a day, and so on till the end of August, without meat, drink, or other allowance, finding their own tools. For threshing a quarter of wheat or rye, 2½d.; a quarter of barley, beans, peas, and oats, 1½d. A master carpenter, 3d. a day, other carpenters, 2d. A master mason, 4d. a day, other masons, 3d., and their servants, 1½d. a day. Tilers, 3d., and their "knives," 1½d. Thatchers, 3d. a day, and their knives, 1½d. Plasterers, and other workers of mud walls, and their knives, in like manner, without meat or drink; and this from Easter to Michaelmas; and from that time less, according to the direction of the justices.

WAGES A CENTURY SINCE.—The following is an extract from a letter dated Bedale, Yorkshire, 6th September, 1776:—"Harvest is now pretty busy with us in many parts of this neighbourhood. 1s. 6d. a-day is given for labourers, which in this part is looked upon as extravagant wages. The wheat is in general very good, and the crop prodigious. Turnips this year will also be very good and plentiful; in short, never was known, I believe, such plenty of all kinds of fodder; but, on the other hand, so great a scarcity of cattle to eat it. Beef and mutton in our market still continue at 3½d. per lb., and it is confidently affirmed, by judges in the case, won't be much lower this year. Best wheat in our market last Tuesday, notwithstanding the goodness of the harvest, was near 6s. a bushel."

PITT'S BRIDGE.—The first stone of Blackfriars bridge, the work of Robert Mylne, a Scotch architect, was laid on the 31st of October, 1760. It was originally called Pitt's-bridge, in honour of William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham. If the foundations are ever disturbed, there will be found beneath them a metal tablet, on which is inscribed in Latin the following grateful tribute of the citizens of London to the genius and patriotism of that illustrious statesman:—"On the last day of October, in the year 1760, and in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of George III, Sir Thomas Chitty, knight, lord mayor, laid the first stone of this bridge, undertaken by the Common Council of London, during the progress of a raging war (*flagrante bello*), for the ornament and convenience of the city; Robert Mylne being the architect. In order that there might be handed down to posterity a monument of the affection of the city of London for the man who, by the power of his genius, by his high-mindedness and courage (under the Divine favour and happy auspices of George II), restored, increased, and secured the British empire in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the ancient reputation and power of his country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London have unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of William Pitt." Such tributes as the foregoing, literature should not willingly let die. A more appropriate or more deserved tribute, paid by the merchants of a mighty city to an illustrious statesman and patriot, it would be difficult to point out. The simple tablet on which this inscription is engraved, lies deeply in the bosom of the Thames, and its very existence is perhaps known but to few; and yet, far more honourable than all civic crowns—far more than all the wealth and titles secured to him and to his posterity by his sovereign and the legislature—was this affectionate, this unbought and voluntary testimony, "unanimously voted" by the citizens

of London to the man who had restored to them the security of wealth and commerce, and the ancient renown which had rendered the name of an Englishman respected over the world.

EARLY MANUFACTURES OF MANCHESTER.—We have a fuller knowledge of the state of manufactures at Manchester in the reign of Henry VIII than of any other town in the kingdom. We owe this knowledge to the curious fact that the collegiate church of Manchester was one of the few places of sanctuary for offenders, which retained that privilege after the Reformation. At that time, any delinquent who had not committed a capital offence was safe from justice, when once he had reached the sacred precincts of the collegiate church. This system, although it worked wonderfully well for those who did ill, worked just as ill for those who did well. It was soon found to be an intolerable nuisance to an industrious, thrifty, and "true-dealing" population. An act was, in consequence, introduced into parliament, for the purpose of freeing Manchester from this dangerous honour of sanctuary. In the preamble to this act a full account is given of the various branches of industry carried on in the town and neighbourhood, for the purpose of showing the unreasonableness of allowing such a place to be turned into a den of thieves. This preamble states that the town of Manchester is well inhabited, and distinguished for its trade both in linens and in woollens; that the inhabitants have obtained riches and wealthy livings, and employ many artificers and poor people; that by "their strict and true dealings" they have given rise "to the resort of many strangers from Ireland and elsewhere, with linen yarn, wool, and other necessary wares, for the making of cloth there;" that in the course of the manufacture of linen, the flax and the yarn have to lie out in the fields night and day, for half-a-year, to be whitened, before they can be made into cloth; and that the woollen cloth made in the town and neighbourhood must also hang on the tenters to be dried before it can be dressed. It further states that Manchester, besides being a principal place for manufacturing linens and woollens, is also frequented by the manufacturers of the neighbouring towns and villages, who bring goods to be finished and sold. "Many strangers," says the act, "inhabiting other townships and places, have used customarily to resort to the said town, with a great number of cottons, to be uttered and sold by the inhabitants, whereby many poor people have been well set to work, as well with dressing and friezing of the said cottons, as with putting to sale of the same." "All these processes," says the act, "are endangered by the resort of light and evil-disposed persons to the town." For these reasons it was proposed and enacted that the right of sanctuary should be taken away from Manchester. That disagreeable honour was conferred on Chester, where there was no such "occupying of merchandise," and where it was hoped that the claimants of sanctuary would be less troublesome, and better looked after. Such was Manchester three hundred years ago. Already a flourishing manufacturing town, where the woollen and linen trades were carried on with spirit and success; the manufacturing capital of the towns and villages which were already springing up in the numerous valleys which meet or converge at Manchester; and the place to which the manufactures of other adjoining townships were brought to be finished and sold.

ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.—During the last fifty years 15,052 acts of parliament have been passed by the British legislature.